

The Pittsylvania Packet

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Pittsylvania Historical Society
Chatham, Virginia

REPORT BY THE PHS PRESIDENT

We are now into another year for the Pittsylvania Historical Society. Looking back I wish to express appreciation to the many persons who helped to make 1994 a successful year.

Of course the officers and directors have been the main stay of the Society - along with the nearly six hundred members. Our treasurer Ivelle Saunders has done a fantastic job in keeping up with the finances. She reports the PHS is well in the black.

In spite of surgery last year, Jeannette Brown remained active in keeping the membership records up to date. She says our society is now represented in 38 states, the DC and in England.

Susan Worley who doubles as a reporter for the Star-Tribune and corresponding secretary for the PHS, also handles the book orders. She says she is surprised how many book orders she receives.

The PHS sponsored "Callands Festival" was a great success, thanks to direction of Mack Doss, with the 1994 (October 1) event attracting over 12,000. The PHS Vice-President Frances Hurt directed the "Christmas in Colonial Chatham" celebration in another great holiday affair...probably the best ever.

We had two PHS members to come out with books in 1994. Helen Melton, writing under the pen name of Kenyon McCann, is the author of an exciting historical novel, "Ride Into Darkness." April Miller published her book "Shelton Country," all about the county's largest family.

I'm thankful for the wonderful support from Henry and Patricia Mitchell, Herman Melton and Paula Bryant with *The Packet*.

The contributions to the PHS last year were fantastic with many individuals opening their purses and hearts in support of this society. Dorothy Dean Harris, head of the solicitation committee, says over \$1,200 in individual contributions were received.

I want to tell that Wooding Hall, 99-year-old citizen, walked to my home to make a gift of a relic that came from J.W. Marks & Co., Chatham's long forgotten clothing store. Mrs. William Herndon of Brookneal also made a gift of a relic from the old Viccellio Brother Co. of the horse and buggy age.

Since I am rounding out four years as PHS President, I am hoping to turn this position over to another in 1995 - to bring in fresh new programs and ideas.

- By PBM

PAINTING EXHIBIT AT FEB. 20 MEETING

The next meeting of the Pittsylvania Historical Society will be Monday night February 20 at 7:30 p.m. in the old 1813 Clerk's Office, back of the town office building. (Come and see the new beautiful light fixtures that have just been installed.)

The program for the February 20 meeting may be somewhat of a change of pace. Your PHS President will exhibit his water color paintings of historical landmarks, and he will relate the background and tell the story that goes with each painting. Everyone is invited.

Whiskey Production Was Big Business

Censuses Over Years Trace Industries In Pittsylvania

By Herman Melton

The ink was barely dry on the ratified U.S. Constitution in 1789 when the newly formed government set about conforming to Article I, Sec. 2 which ordered an immediate enumeration.

As in modern times, first and foremost was the matter of representation and direct taxes which "shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a time of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths all other persons."

The enumeration was to begin August 1, 1790. Thus came into being the First U.S. Census. It included only the names of the head of each household, the number and sex of each person residing there and the number of slaves.

The Census of 1790 was far from complete. Frontier roads were little more than trails, bridges were non-existent and transportation was of the most primitive kind. Moreover, most early Pittsylvaniaans were like their American counterparts everywhere, they harboured a natural suspicion of Federals (especially prying enumerators) and resented their intrusion on the scene.

To the settler, it meant inclusion on a tax list, potential military conscription or exposure of "moonshining activities." To hide from census takers was a common practice on the frontier.

To further complicate enumeration problems for posterity, the British troops who burned Washington during the War of 1812, included portions of the official Virginia Censuses of 1790, 1800 and 1810 in the carnage. Fortunately, Pittsylvania's are more complete than some. The enumerators provide the modern genealogist with valuable information.

There were 11,579 persons counted on that first one and growth was relatively slow for the next decade when the number reached 12,697 for a gain of nine percent. By the time of the Third Census of 1810, the figures made a quantum leap to 17,172 or an increase of 27 percent for the decade.

Actually, the population of the U.S. nearly doubled from 1790 to 1820. By the time of the Civil War, it had almost tripled.

The Eleventh Congress of 1809 was the first to fund an inventory of the nation's industry. It was conducted during the Third Census (1810) by the Treasury Department under the title of "Inventory of Manufacturers." The industrial census was given meaning by America's first political economist, Teach Coxe of Philadelphia, who analyzed its findings. County by county, the various industries were enumerated.

Like all prior censuses, Pittsylvania's was incomplete. Nevertheless, some interesting figures on industrial production in the county in 1810 come to light. Raw materials used included cotton, wool, hemp, flax, animal hides and of course - leaf tobacco.

The county produced 18 bales of cotton and wove 179,606 yards of cotton goods on the 996 family looms that year.

From this came 13,963 pairs of stockings for example. Two hat factories (one of which was at old Peytonburg) produced 1759 hats worth \$7,036. Five tanneries processed 2510 hides worth \$6,275. The hides found their way into

113,428 pairs of shoes, boots and slippers. A portion of the leather was used by saddlers who produced \$5,776 worth of saddles.

Sixty legal distillers produced 76,283 gallons of spirits worth \$70,769. Dollarwise as far as production was concerned, this was Pittsylvania County's largest industry in 1810. When one considers the likelihood that several times that number of illegal "moonshiners" were active, total alcohol production in the county in 1810 becomes mind-boggling.

Other Pittsylvania industrial output in 1810 included 750 pounds of gunpowder. One can romanticize that some of it was fired by American troops in the War of 1812. Sadly, the county had only two tobacco factories according to the Third Census. The two processed only 14,850 pounds of leaf out of the 6,438,777 pounds produced on county farms in 1810. That was to change very shortly.

The Fourth Census of 1820 was under the supervision of Thomas Wooding of "Little Cherrystone." His enumerators found fifty blacksmith shops that employed 102 people who produced \$19,000 worth of finished metal goods. Owners included names such as Nowlin, Wooding, Wilson, Fitzgerald, Blankeaship, Hairston, Hall, Law, Davis, Terry, Curtiss, Vaughan, Aron, Anderson, Wilkinson, Ward, Coles, Wyatt and Cryder.

Tobacco was coming into its own finally, and 75,000 pounds of leaf were processed. The inventory found tinsmiths, silversmiths and wheelwrights among others, but again, in dollar value, whiskey constituted the county's largest industrial production. A certainty that emerged from the Fourth Census was that Pittsylvania County's economy remained agrarian in nature.

The Seventh Census (taken in 1850, when the county had roughly 29,000 people) showed an enormous increase in industrial production. This enumeration showed 7 tanneries, 42 tobacco factories (an enormous increase), 3 shoemakers, 3 wheelwrights, 2 tanners, 3 saddlers, 21 water-powered grist mills, 16 sawmills, 11 blacksmith shops and assorted establishments.

Not listed in the inventory for some inexplicable reason, but present nevertheless, was the giant textile mill founded in Danville 22 years earlier. It was later to become known as Dan River Mills.

Whereas the early inventories of industry were incomplete, they served as a gauge of industrial production. Their increases, year after year, follow a similar increase in population.

They constitute an important portion of Pittsylvania's early history and by following them through the Twelfth Census (1900) one can trace the path of the county as it evolved from an agrarian society into an industrial one.

Note: The above is excerpted from the book: Picks, Tracks & Battalions by Mr. Melton. It is available through the Society for \$23.

ANCESTOR FAIR IN ARKANSAS JULY 21-22

Plans are underway for the second "Four Corners Ancestors Fair" to be held July 21-22, 1995 at Springdale, Arkansas to be held at the Holiday Inn in northwest Arkansas. It will feature genealogical workshops, social events with special consultants on hand. For brochures write: 4 Corners, 509 W. Spring St., Fayetteville, AR 72701 (send self-addressed stamped envelope) or phone Ann Sugg (501)-521-2020.

Harking Back To Good Ole Dazes

Chatham's Wild Oats, Also Corn, Rye and 10 Barrooms

By Frances Hallam Hurt

Would you be surprised to learn that Mother Teresa sowed some wild oats? How about demure, ladylike little Chatham?

Mother Teresa didn't; Chatham did.

Some 50 years ago two venerable gentlemen, long since departed, described the days in the 1880s when liquor flowed free on Main Street in 10 barrooms. It didn't flow exactly free. Corn malt liquor sold for \$1 a gallon and sweet mash liquor, or corn drippings, for 75 cents.

The sources for these revelations were the late J. Hunt Whitehead, banker, and Peyton Henry Jones, lamplighter. The village of 600 which they conjured between them could double for a Hollywood western, complete with dirt streets, plank sidewalks and short-lived oil street lamps — short-lived because they were always getting shot out.

In all fairness to the old Chathamites, it must be stated that they didn't support 10 barrooms alone. As the county seat of Pittsylvania, Chatham was the vortex of the slow current of rural life. Once each month, however, the slow current reached flood tide. This was on Third Monday, or court day, when county folks poured in to turn the place into a riotous free-for-all. All women and children stayed home.

As early as Saturday night, horse traders with long strings of horses, farmers with loaded wagons and drummers with samples would filter into town over rivers of dust or rivers of mud on Main Street, as the case might be. By Monday morning the village was swollen with life.

The drummers were showing their wares at the old Carter Hotel (now American General Finance) in the ground floor rooms opening onto the side street. The farmers hitched their wagons to barter at the stores. The horse traders were racing their mounts up and down the lane between the Tredway house (Town Hall) and Col. Hargrave's (Nenon), turning what is now Center Street into a horse fair. The barrooms were filled. Men clogged the wooden sidewalks and the courthouse steps.

Drinking at this period seems to have been a sober undertaking with no fol-de-rois or flourishes. Of the 10 barrooms, eight were in conjunction with general stores, the proprietors tapping barrels of lasses and barrels of whiskey with an even hand. These bars were usually set up along one side of the store, much as a soda fountain was later. The two all-out saloons had sawdust on the floor and a few tables and chairs, but that was all. The contrast with today's inducements to drink make them seem refreshingly honest, like any undertaker doing business with boxes and a spade.

The refreshment line-up around 1885 went like this: On the site of the Masonic Building (Tune and Toler) Lyle Johnson's general store and bar; at the site of the Reynolds Building, S.S. Spruce's general store and bar; next door was C.G. Sour's general store and bar, the handsome mahogany mirror from which went to a grandson, Jesse Sours; next, on the site of the Chamber of Commerce, a full-fledged saloon run by J.B. (Bocock) Mitchell; on the site of American General Finance, the barroom of Carter's Hotel owned by Jimmy Carter; on the

site of Chatham's Square, John E. Lanier's general store and bar; on the site of Nations Bank, Dr. (a title of respect, not profession) George T. Johnson's general store and bar; in the same block, Charlie Wylie's saloon plus billiard tables; around on Reid Street, M. Bolanz' bar in the basement of his home, and finally and inevitably, the Last Chance, operated at the depot by W.E. Goulsby.

It is of interest to note that the boys of the '80s liked their liquor straight -- rye, brandy and corn. According to the aged reporters, a great quantity of cherry bounce was also consumed although it's hard to know who drank it, inspired by General Nathaniel Greene a hundred years before.

In the beginning, not much liquor was produced locally, then Mr. Bolanz started a winery, producing excellent wine. Impromptu distilleries followed, stepping up corn production sharply. Two of the distilleries were imposing businesses, one belonging to the Jim May family out near Clarkstown and the other belonging to Hutch Pigg out near Dry Fork. The latter, said to be one of the largest in the state, was steam operated employing a dozen people.

These distilleries are remembered tenderly by many an old party, it was said. They claim they haven't had a real drink since the government started to meddle. As for ABC liquor, they'll tell you it's a snare and a delusion...no hope for a high.

The tipplers of the '80s had no such complaint. Although most of the drinking brought on nothing worse than roughhousing, it also resulted in fights and even a murder. Tempers seem to have been as potent as the whiskey. In one barroom drama a man called another "a New York dude." He seems to have been in error. His opinion was altered by a knock-down and drag-out resulting in serious injury.

One of the most startling episodes of Chatham's bar-fly days happened in 1883. It was Christmas Day, but a little too slow for the young bucks. They declared it Ragamuffin Day, and took off. Mr. Whitehead remembered it all as a little boy pressed out of harm's way against the courthouse wall.

Around 9 or 10 in the morning, these gay blades came charging down Main Street on horseback, firing into the air. They were dressed "all slapperty-dash," as Mr. Whitehead said, and wearing scare faces. They jumped off their horses, whooping and hollering, for their first drinks, then set about racing up and down Main Street. At first the racing was in earnest, but so was the drinking. By noon the Ragamuffins were doing well to sit their horses. In a final spurt of bravado, one gent rode his horse into Dr. Johnson's saloon like a King of the Wild West and quaffed his whiskey at the bar. The effect was considerably marred as he rode out the door he fell off his horse.

On this same rowdy day, another Ragamuffin rode a bull into Bocock Mitchell's saloon, but he didn't cut a very dashing figure. The bull was as meek as Moses. By 3 o'clock all the Ragamuffins had passed out, and the mud-rutted street lay quiet in the cold light of the Christmas afternoon.

The town eventually got enough of drinking and horseplay, especially one citizen who had scoffed at the idea that the town would ever have running water. On the great occasion when the water was turned on, the good ole boys hauled the man out of bed and stuck him under a pump. "Proper Talkin' John" held the traditional view of injured innocence when the law nabbed him. He had been drunk and disorderly all morning, then slept it off. When the law arrested him in the afternoon, he protested properly, "Isn't it rather late in the afternoon to bring

up a trespass of the morning?"

By 1894 the citizens took a stand. The town voted dry, but not without a few shenanigans. It is claimed that a few dry zealots made sure of victory by rounding up 25 or 30 blacks and locking them in the Baptist Church all night so they could vote dry in the morning.

The fact that Chatham had officially thrown away the bottle was not the end of the story. Bootlegging became almost a major industry. The Feds arrested bootleggers by the dozen, according to Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Jones, but the fines were not stiff. The Feds were not above being reasonable, the raconteurs claim, for the right price.

The old street lamps provided a constant source of merriment for the tipplers. Mr. Jones, then a witty old gentleman of 92, remembered it all too well, being the lamplighter. Since he never knew who shot out which lamp, it was open season -- target practice as free entertainment. One man, however, pushed his luck. In a high old burst of good feeling, he took a long stick and gaily knocked them all out on the way home. He had to pay.

Mr. Jones tended lamps for seven years during which time they increased from 12 to 28. It got to be too onerous a chore, he said, so he gave it up. In addition to losing them to gunshot, he was always finding them empty. They were generally regarded as a free source of oil.

He laughed about one curious instance when a certain lamp would not burn through the night. The nearby householder complained of it bitterly. The lamplighter discovered that some young folks just wanted a nice dark corner.

Public censure for public drunkenness finally did what the law couldn't. The feeling against drinking prevails in the town to this day. Chatham is dry.

Chatham has locked the door on those brief boisterous years. She is a lady, with beautiful historic homes and century-old boxwood and a cultivated prosperous citizenry. No one would suspect the skeleton in the closet, especially since it doesn't rattle. It clinks.

SOME THINGS YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW!

Did you know that present-day Tennessee was part of North Carolina until 1790?

Did you know that until 1792 present-day Kentucky was part of Virginia?

Did you know that 100 percent of professional genealogists surveyed agree that the obituary is inaccurate far more often than it is accurate?

Did you know that among the Pennsylvania Germans, it was customary, upon the death of a married woman, to bury all her marriage records with her in order to show the Lord that this was a properly married woman?

A PRAYER FOR GENEALOGISTS

Lord, help me dig into the past and sift the sands of time
That I might find the roots that made this family tree of mine.

Lord, help me trace the ancient roads on which my fathers trod
And led them through so many lands to find our present sod.

Lord, help me find an ancient book or dusty manuscript

That's safely hidden now away in some forgotten crypt;

Lord, let it bridge the gap that haunts my soul when I can't find
The missing link between some name that ends the same as mine.

— Conejo Valley Gen. Soc., CA

Excerpts From War Recollections

Human Interest Stories About Civil War Told By Confederate Veterans

Recollections of their Civil War experiences were written by Pittsylvania County Confederate veterans in 1910 at the request of the Rawley Martin Chapter UDC of Chatham, VA.

The war recollections were collected and printed in a book by the UDC. Excerpts from the book are reprinted here. The excerpts are mostly human interest stories as recalled by the Pittsylvania County veterans.

- - Preston B. Moses

WE MARCHED OFF TO WAR

Captain William M. Tredway, in his recollections, wrote: "A great crowd assembled in front of the courthouse on April 24, 1861 to see us march off to war. After the wives finished kissing their husbands, children finished hugging fathers and after friends parting hand grasps, and after a solemn prayer by the Rev. W.S. Peneck, amid the tears and huzzoos, the waving of handkerchiefs, banners flying and the bands playing - and all goodbyes said, we took off in line of march for Danville enroute to Richmond."

I recall each man had at least one large trunk well packed as if taking a vacation trip to the Greenbrier Summer resort. But how the bulk dwindled down to a knapsack soon after we became regular soldiers."

PITTSYLVANIA PLENTY CONFIDENT

Captain William M. Tredway further recalled: "Along the route to Richmond, we stopped off at Amelia Courthouse where we saw young troop of cavalry in training. Us Pittsylvanians were so confident we'd quell the little disturbance that was brewing, that we told the young men to disband as their services wouldn't be needed because we would quiet old Abe and it would require only a brief time in this pleasant recreation of cleaning out the Yankee Army."

OH, THE GIRLS IN WILLIAMSBURG!

L.L. James Wyatt Whitehead wrote: "The Chatham Greys spent the summer of 1861 at Williamsburg in training. We were enthusiastically received by the people of the town. Our uniforms were fresh, we looked so handsome! We drilled on the court green every day and attracted large crowds... and oh, those pretty Williamsburg girls came in great numbers. There was not a one of us but fell in love with them."

The young ladies would meet at the churches to sew for the soldiers, and whenever there was a prayer meeting the young girls were there - and so were we."

THERE WAS TIME FOR HORSE RACING

Captain Isaac Coles wrote in his recollection letter: "We moved to our drilling camp at Ashland where we had a merry time for several weeks. We had some fine horses which afforded good racing, and we had fun betting small stakes. At night we played cards and told yarns."

From there we were ordered to join General Garret at Laurel Hill in West Virginia.

YANKEES WERE SCARED AS WE WERE

Captain Isaac Coles was with the cavalry and he wrote: "The war had now become serious in 1862. We were guarding a road upon which the Yankees were expected to approach. They had already appeared about a hundred yards from my position and fired a few shots and disappeared.

The captain ordered me to "go forward two hundred yards and draw their fire. (It wasn't a very comforting order. It threw new light on the business of the cavalry. I had thought the infantry got the shots and the cavalry merely picked up the prisoners.)

But I managed to summon up the courage, and I went. When I reached the woods, I found the Yankees were as scared as we. They had blocked the road and all disappeared."

PLEASANT EXPERIENCE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Captain Isaac Coles recalls one of his pleasant experiences in the war. He wrote: "We were in the Alleghany Mountains where we wintered. Six of us had taken prisoners to Staunton and had left our horses at Monterey. We were told to return for them. We had to walk across the mountain 20 miles in January through deep snow.

We were chilled, hungry and night was approaching. And then we came upon a most beautiful sight. It was the mountain home of an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge. With me were Bill Clark, John Easley, Mansel Smith, Bob Payne and Charlie Moorman.

The remembrance of that wonderful old couple with their hospitality, comfort, warmth and fragrance of that truly marvelous kitchen was like a dream. Everything was neat and orderly to perfection.

The kindly face and portly outline of Mrs. Beveridge as she stood by the stove frying buckwheat cakes for six hungry Confederate soldiers still fills my mind - as we can remember Mrs. Beveridge as she keenly watched our plates and kept them supplied along with real mountain maple syrup.

Also, long to be remembered is that night she had her husband show us upstairs where he packed us in featherbeds. Such comfort, such undreamed of luxury, we had not experienced in two years and would not see again for three more long dreary years."

AN UNPLEASANT SIGHT

J.T. Morton of the 53rd Virginia Regiment recalled: "It was after the Battle of Seven Pines, the next morning after a heavy rain, our company was put on advance picket duty. We advanced through water and mud. We found a great many dead and wounded Yankees as we went through the thicket. We passed a little one room house in the woods that enemy doctors had used to treat their wounded, and there were many amputated legs, arms, hands, feet, etc. piled up outside. One of our boys who had been a tobacco farmer remarked that "they looked like a pile of tobacco stalks in front of a barn door."

CONFEDERATE FLAG-BEARER AN HONOR

The Confederate flag was a symbol of honor, bravery and courage, and the flag bearer was honored to bear it. Wrote Col. B.H. Tomlin: "Our regiment was short a color-guard, and it would seem a musket would have been of more value than

the color, but Cpl. Pollard, one of the color guards, insisted he would carry it into battle. When he fell, gallantly bearing it, he handed it to a Georgian who quickly took it with great pride."

THE FLAG AT GETTYSBURG

Col. Rawley W. Martin spoke of the flag with reverence in his recollections: "Before Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg, General Armistead rode up to the color guard and asked, 'Sergeant, are you going to put these colors on the enemy's works today?' The gallant fellow replied, 'I will try, sir, and if mortal man can do it, it shall be done.'"

"It was done, but not until this brave man and many others like him had fallen with their faces to the foe. But never once did that banner trail in the dust, for some brave fellow invariably caught it as it was going down, and bore it aloft. Of the ten color guards, eight were killed outright and two severely wounded and taken prisoners in that July 3rd battle.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Thomas H. Oakes tells of his harrowing experience in Battle of Gettysburg: "I returned from furlough in time to join my regiment on the march to Pennsylvania. My feet were so sore and blistered from the long march, and I could hardly walk, but I kept on. On the morning of July 3rd we moved up to the front and took our position in a large open field.

"It was terribly hot and at 12 o'clock we moved up to where the bombshells were falling like hail. I was struck by a piece of a bomb in my left side, but I did not stop. I went only a little further when I was struck on my right side by a mini ball passing through my body and lodging in my left side. After falling I was struck by a piece of shell on my right ankle.

Another shell tore off my shoe while I lay unconscious. When I came to, I could not raise my head off the ground.

I lay there all night in a heavy rain. In the morning a Yankee came running by, and I asked for a drink of water. He got down on his knees, held my head and let me drink as much as I wanted.

On the 4th, two Yankees came, picked me up and carried me to a barn where other wounded men lay.

On the 5th, they carried part of us to a high bluff and put us in tents. By now I was getting so I could walk a little. On the 6th they took us of both sides to where doctors were working.

On the 7th Dr. Brinton from Atline, Ohio cut the mini ball out of my left side, the pain almost killed me. I saw more hands, arms and legs cut off than one horse could pull in a full wagon.

On the 17th I was transported by rail to Baltimore. Ladies met the train and gave us me hot coffee and crackers. We were prisoners and were moved to Chester Hospital, PA. In August I was exchanged and sent to Petersburg and then given a furlough to go home.

WOUNDED DIE IN FOREST FIRE

James Carter Jr. wrote about the Battle Near Chester Station, VA.: "During the battle in a thick forest, the woods caught on fire being set by bursting shells. A stiff breeze was blowing which fanned the flames. A great many wounded men on both sides were burned to death where they lay. Some tried to crawl on their

hands and knees to escape the fire, but most were burned to a crisp because the whole forest was in flames.

STARVING MEN GET BEEFSTEAK FEAST

Chaswell Dabney was assigned to Gen. Rufus Barringer's division covering the right wing of Petersburg in the fall of 1864.

Dabney wrote: "Food, clothes, ammunition and all kinds of supplies were growing smaller by degrees and less everyday."

At that time we were mostly living on sweet potatoes. The men had drawn up their belts tighter and tighter. We were in a temper to face steel, sword and blood to get something to eat. But on the other side, the enemy was constantly reinforced with everything, especially food.

Our official scouts had been active, watching the Yankee line of communication. And low and behold, the scouts discovered a large shipment of fat beef cattle approaching by boat and landed about 20 miles below Petersburg.

With our belts drawn up to the last notch, we had visions of savoring beef steaks, sausages and roasts in a truly appetizing picture before our ravenous eyes.

Three thousand cavalrymen were at once assembled, all handpicked men well versed in handling cattle. We marched like known by-roads, through a swamp in a most eccentric course in order to deceive the enemy.

We faced a regiment from the District of Columbia guarding the cattle. We charged their positions, captured it, taking prisoners, dispersing the rest.

Things happened rapidly. There was no time to lose because we knew the Yankees would attack when it was learned the cattle were being taken and would pursue us.

Our men formed a line to hold the enemy back while we moved the 2,500 cows bellowing and flying about.

But our men with sharp sabre points got the cattle making headway - and soon had them safely in our lines. We proceeded to have the greatest beefsteak feast ever known to the Confederate Army in northern Virginia.

In our expedition, we killed over 200 of the enemy, captured 300 prisoners, brought back 2,500 cows and our loss was just under 100.

One of our men described the expedition: "We snatched the victuals right out of their mouths." For a time we let out our belts!

REBEL PRISONER RECALLS FAN

Captain Isaac Coles related his experience as a prisoner in Yankee prisons. He wrote: "I was captured at Brandy Station and taken to the Old Capitol prison. There I met old comrades from home. I must say misery had plenty of company - who were Wyatt Whitehead, Hatch Carter, Rawley Martin, Dickerson, Dyer, Robinson and others.

While being transferred to a prison in Ohio, the train stopped at Mansfield. I believe people flocked to the RR station to see the "wild beast" known as "rebel." An old woman came close to get a better view of the Confederate prisoners. I was near the window and perspiration was rolling off on that hot August day. I must have aroused her sympathy. Kindness of heart must bare golden the better of her prejudice against us Rebels. She said with some feeling: Honey don't you want my fan? Honey sure did, and accepted and enjoyed the fan because it afforded much comfort on that scorching hot day. I must say that

old lady's simple motherly act still lives in my memory

TREATMENT IN YANKEE PRISONS

Captain Isaac Coles wrote about the treatment in Yankee prisons, "Our rations were four crackers, half ounce of pea soup (canceled with worms), half ounce of meat a day and water evidently got from a barrel.

We slept on damp rock floors, had no blankets, and at night we had to walk around to keep from freezing.

We had negro guards with Lt. Col. Hallowee commanding. He was a typical southern hater with no compassion and no heart and doing all he would to enhance our hardship.

SHOULDN'T CHERISH RESENTMENT

In August 1897 Comd. Sylvester Chamberlain, U.S. Navy, of Buffalo, NY wrote to Rawley W. Martin and asked him to describe the feelings of the men who passed through the hell of fire in the famous Pickett's Charge on Cemetery Ridge in the Battle of Gettysburg.

This was 35 years after the great battle and Col. Martin was now Dr. Martin, a practicing physician in Chatham.

The following is, in part, what Dr. Martin wrote in reply to the request from the northerner:

"I believe the general sentiment of Confederates was that they would succeed in driving the Federal line from their position on the ridge.

The Confederates saw the long line of blue nearly a mile distant, ready and waiting their coming.

The scene was grand and terrible, and well-calculated to demoralize the stoutest heart. But not a step faltered, not a face blanched. On they go. At about 1,000 yards, the Federal batteries opened fire. Still forward they go through the hissing, screaming shells which break in their front, in the rear and on all flanks, all about them. But they press forward, keeping step to the music of the battle. Men fell like stalks of grain before the reaper."

Dr. Martin in his letter to the northern officer concluded, "This is an imperfect attempt to describe the great charge in my reply to your friendly letter. I see no reason why those who once were foes cannot now be friends. The quarrel was not personal but sectional, and while we tried to destroy each other thirty-five years ago, there is no reason why we should cherish resentment against each other now.

COMMON MISTAKES MADE BY RESEARCHERS

Consultants on genealogical and ancestral research point to some of the common mistakes that cause the researchers to lose interest or fail in their endeavor. 1. Not using family group sheets and pedigree sheets. 2. Not contacting relatives for assistance; 3. Assuming that no one else is working on my line, 4. Not using map of the area at the time your ancestors lived there. 5. Not using common sense when reading family histories. 6. Not using the primary source, land, probate, church, city records, but relying on printed histories. 7. Not making photocopies; 8. Not organizing your records, 9. Not paying attention to the clues your ancestors are giving, 10. Not using your imagination on the spelling of names.

Genealogical consultants say the most common mistake is that researchers "give up when the search gets difficult."

- - From Ossow Co. (NC) Gen. Society

WHAT DO THOSE INITIALS MEAN?

Initials after your ancestor's names may not be titles or degrees, but they may provide useful information you had not expected. The following are but a few of the puzzling letters one may come across when reading old wills or other documents.

- a.s. - Died in the year of (his/her) age, i.e. died a.s.s. 64 (anno actatis suae)
- d.s.p. - Died without issue (decessit sine prole)
- d.s.p.l. - Died without legitimate issue (decessit sine prole legitime)
- d.s.p.m.s. - Died without surviving male issue ((decessit sine prole mascula superstite)
- d.s.p.s. - Died without surviving issue (decessit sine prole supersita)
- d.unm. - Died unmarried
- d.v.p. - Died in the lifetime of his father (decessit vita patris)
- d.v.m. - Died in the lifetime of his mother (decessit vita matris)
- inst. - Present month or time (Instans)
- nunc - Nuncupative will, an oral will written by a witness
- ob - He or she died (obit)
- relict - Widower or widow (relicta or relicte)
- sic - So or thus, exact copy as written
- et al. - And others (et alia)
- uber - Book or volume
- depos - Grandson
- testes - Witnesses
- testis - Witness
- lat - Last (ultimo)
- ux or vs - Wife (uxor)
- viz - Namely (videlicet)

True happiness the livelong day
Is ours if happiness we give
If we along life's rugged way,
Make others happy while we live.

- - From Williamson Co. (TX) Gen. Society

DID YOUR AMERICAN ANCESTOR GO TO SEA?

If your American ancestor went to sea in the 1800s, he may have applied for a Seaman's Protection Certificate to protect him from imprisonment by Great Britain and other powers. The certificate program lasted from 1796 to 1897. The applicant presented proof of citizenship and paid a fee of 25 cents. Every three months a list of seamen was sent to Secretary of State, Washington DC abstracting each seaman's age and physical description. Write to Archives Division, National Archives and Records, Washington, DC 20408.

Deluxe means mediocre in a big way

C OF E MINISTER PERFORMED MARRIAGES

Before the Revolutionary War, only ministers of the Church of England were permitted to celebrate the marriage rites in Virginia. Pretended marriages meaning rites by others were null and void. A marriage license was issued by the Governor or Justices of the Peace, or banns had to be published three Sundays or Holy Days. From 1660 to 1849 a marriage bond was required. Many of these bonds are extant. Marriages were recorded mostly in parish registers.

After the American Revolution, under the law of 1784, all ministers could legally perform the marriage ceremony. Clerks of the county courts began to keep marriage records.

Life on Plantation Explained

100-Year-Old Man Tells About His Life As A Former Slave

By Patricia B. Mitchell

In 1940 Bloody Cunningham, an ex-slave over 80 years old was interviewed at her home in Staunton, Virginia by F.M. Warren who was working in the Federal Writers' Project. In the following excerpts Cunningham describes life on a plantation a few miles west of Pocahontas County.

"My father was a Cunningham and a white man. My mother was a Stevens, and was colored. My mother and my grandmother were slaves. My mother belonged to Beavis English who had a large plantation about eleven miles from Rock Mount, Virginia, in Franklin County. He moved to another plantation on Roanoke River in Bedford County later after the war."

"As a boy he had about seventy-five slaves, including the children. The children were considered free men. They were twenty years old and did not have to work. After that, we know they had to do work on the plantation or be sold (hired) out by our master."

"I was sold, hired to a hotel man in Lynchburg soon after I was twenty for one year for \$1.25. I remember well as I had never had an English or a suit of clothes until I went to Lynchburg. All the boys and girls wore shorts until we were twenty. I never had a hat or shirt until I was twenty."

"We got up at 5 a.m. about sunrise and at sundown. All the work hands out in the cabins and all the children with their umbrellas and mops come to the big kitchen and get a full of cabbage soup that we were allowed to go to the table where the white cooks ate and get the crumbs from the table."

"We were allowed to go to the gas fire or field and get cabbage preserves and corn, or any other vegetables and cook in our kitchens. We had plenty to eat. We had a large corn bread with a lot of bacon, bread and biscuits and a large corn bread to boil things in. On Sunday morning we would go to the smokehouse and get some flour and a piece of meat with a bone so we could have a barbecue for dinner on Sunday. Sometimes we had plenty of milk and coffee."

"Our houses were log cabins, some had one room and some had two rooms, and board floors. Our master was a rich man. He had a store and a sawmill on the creek. The cabins were covered with boards nailed on and had buck and mud chinkers. We had homemade beds covered with mattress made of ticks filled with straw and pillows the same and a wooden or cotton blanket. We had homemade tables and chairs with wooden bottoms."

"The field hands had wooden sole shoes, the wooden bottom ones made of maple. The size of the feet one half inch thick at the toe and the heel nailed to the stool. Our master had lots of sheep and the wool was made into yarn and we had yarn socks in the winter."

"The slaves were both in two rows not very far from the master's big house. My mother kept house for our master and looked after the quarters and reported anything going wrong to the master."

"A salt slave was reported to the master. She had three kinds of medicine that would cure everything. One was vinegar tea, one four pints and the other was tea. When we had a fire or smoke in the chimney or in the house, she would make an drink vinegar tea which was made by getting about a pound of square cut iron

nails and putting them in a jug with a lot of vinegar, then at night we had to take two rosin pills. These pills were made of raw pine resin. When we had the toothache or the earache, she would fill the tooth or ear full of tar. We never had a doctor.

"The most eventful day of my life was the day that the stars fell (probably the great Leonid meteor storm of November 13, 1833). I was eight years old but, I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. The stars began to fall about sundown and fell all night. They fell like rain. They looked like little balls about as big as marbles with a long streak of fire to them. They fell everywhere, but you couldn't hear them. They did not hit the ground or the house. We were all scared and did not go out of the house but could see them everywhere. A few days later it began to snow and snowed three days and nights. The snow piled up over some of the houses. Some people froze and some starved."

Mother Shipton's Prophecy Reprinted

The well-known and remarkable "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" is reprinted here. It was first published in 1488. It has been reprinted many times since. Notice that all of the events predicted have come true except the last two lines.

"Carriages without horses shall go;
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thought shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye;
Water shall yet more wonders do;
How strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and shown
In a land that is not known.
Fire and water shall wonders do
England shall at least admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eightyone."

SEARCHING FOR IDENTITY

Genealogy is a search for identity. We search for the identity of our ancestors - and consciously or unconsciously, we search at the same time for our own identity. Who we "are" can depend in many ways on who our ancestors were: our nationalities, our physical characteristics, our tendencies toward some medical conditions, our languages, our places of residence, our attitudes, our financial wealth or lack of wealth, and even our position in society in general. So we search to find out who they were, to better understand who we are and why.

- From Jackson Co. (MO) Gen. Soc.

Pioneers Thought It Was A Short Walk To California

By Henry H. Mitchell

In 1721 Col. William Byrd II and a party of surveyors marked the Virginia-Carolina boundary (see map and article in the Spring 1993 Packet). In 1767 that was became the southern border of the newly-established Putzsylvania County.

When Byrd came into this area in 1728 he found no European settlement, but his work and his diary presaged and presumed a rapid influx of settlers, which indeed happened within a generation. It had taken over 125 years for the area of settlement to move west 250 miles from Jamestown, an average rate of only two miles per year.

Looking back, the rate seems slow. However, the earliest English-speaking Virginians felt no need to rush; they thought the "East India Sea" (the Pacific Ocean) and the potentially dangerous Spanish California settlements were only an eight to ten days' walk from Jamestown, just beyond the "mountains" (we call them hills) of the Piedmont. The first European reports of the Piedmont were compiled by explorers who eventually, in the 1670s, searched for a safe passage to the Pacific.

Even then, the English found Piedmont hills and forests—and its unconquered Muscogee inhabitants—quite threatening in comparison to their familiar cleared flatlands of the Tidewater and its subjugated Algonquian tribes. The presence of these Piedmont tribes and various legal restrictions on trade with them, and an even greater fear of the more powerful Spanish settlements to the south and west, effectively confined English Virginia to the Tidewater.

Finally, during the 1670s, legal and social barriers began to fall, thanks largely to Virginia's Governor Sir William Berkeley, and Abraham Wood, an indentured servant who rose to wealth and influence to become one of Virginia's most politically powerful planters. Wood actually owned the colony's most important western fortification and trading post, Fort Henry (at present day Petersburg).

Berkeley wanted to establish a westward passage to the sea, but without attracting woes or disturbing the Spanish. To that end, his first authorized explorer was a German physician by the name of Johann Lederer who had in March 1669 spied the distant Blue Ridge in a probe west of the falls of the Pamunkey River (in the general direction of Charlottesville). In May 1670 Lederer headed west from the falls of the James (now Richmond), accompanied by a Susquehannock interpreter/guide named Jackretavon and twenty Henrico County mounted men-at-arms. The Englishmen were afraid of getting lost, so the group moved in an almost undeviating due-west compass course, striking all obstacles straight-on rather than following the natural lay of the land.

After stubbornly and laboriously pushing 60 straight line miles in 12 days, the English marchers were so uneasy and exhausted they returned home, leaving Lederer and Jackretavon to fend for themselves. The Indian commander, Ma. William Harris, reported they had passed over "high and rocky" mountains (in Powhatan, Cumberland and Buckingham Counties) which were so foggy in the morning that they presumed that they were close to the western ocean.

So on June 5 the marchers left Lederer and Jackretavon on the banks of the

Jamestown forty miles northwest of Lynchburg at Bear Creek. From there, now free of the militia's compass restrictions, the two men visited "Saponi" town in the narrow bend of the Staunton River west of Charlotte Court House. They then moved on to Akenatzzy (Occoneechee) town on an island (now under the waters of Buggs Island Lake), and on to North Carolina where they visited six widely-scattered tribes before making their way to Fort Henry.

In August 1670 Lederer unsuccessfully tried to find a passage through the "mountains" west of the falls of the Rappahannock River generally toward Culpeper). Although he had failed in his objective, Lederer began to dispel the English terror of the frontier by documenting in writing that the region was not impossible to traverse, and that it was very thinly populated (though he did have some close calls with the tribes he met). His experience diminished any hopes Englishmen had of profitable trade with the Piedmont tribes, but apparently planted the first thoughts of English colonization of the hilly lands to the interior of Virginia, including today's Pennsylvania County.

On September 1, 1671, Abraham Wood sponsored a five-man expedition, again to find the western ocean. The explorers were Thomas Batts, Robert Fallam, Thomas Wood (probably Abraham's son), Jack Weston and an Appomattox Indian dignitary by the name of Peacecoupe. The party traveled to the Saponi town Lederer had described near Charlotte Court House, then to a second Saponi village (where Thomas Wood fell ill and eventually died) on Long Island in the Staunton River on the northeastern boundary of present day Pennsylvania.

From there they moved across northern Pennsylvania County toward Rocky Mount, Adney Gap, Christiansburg, Radford (where they found the Tocoro/Tutelo town), Narrows, Bluefield and on to Matewan WV on the Tug Fork River.

There they came to the erroneous conclusion that the river was rising and falling due to the tides of the western ocean. Batts had seen whale flocks on the horizon in the distance, and assumed them — though Fallam disagreed — to be Spanish galleys on the California coast. Having established to their own satisfaction that they had at least found the tidal plain near the shore of the

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT PUNCTUALITY

"Appointments once made become debts. If I have made an appointment with you, I owe you punctuality; I have no right to throw away your time even if I do my own." Cecil

"Nothing inspires confidence in a businessman sooner than punctuality, nor is there any habit which saps his reputation than that of being always behind time." W. Matthews

"When the secretary of George Washington excused himself for being late - said his watch was slow, the reply of Washington was, 'You must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary.'

"Better late than never," is not half as good as the maxim "Never never late."

"Better be there hours too soon than one minute too late." Shakespeare

"Want of punctuality is a want of virtue." J.M. Mason

western sea, they returned home proud of their success.

In 1674 Abraham Wood made another attempt to probe the interior and find a passage to the Pacific, this time using James Needham - recently arrived from England, but already with wilderness experience in Georgia/Florida -- and an indentured boy named Gabriel Arthur. Needham was killed by an Occaneechee, but Arthur accompanied his Georgia "Tomahtuan" hosts on various war expeditions to coastal South Carolina, the Mobile Bay, the Florida panhandle, and the West Virginia/Kentucky area.

Muscularly, young Arthur survived his amazing adventures as well as several attempts on his life and returned safely to Fort Henry on June 11, 1674. Having traveled more widely in North America than any 17th century Englishman, Arthur brought Abraham Wood firm hand testimony that that western ocean was not so close after all. He also left evidence for us that small Native American tribes were not isolated but had friends and enemies scattered all across the continent.

By 1674, then, it was becoming evident that Virginia and all of North America were a lot larger than any Englishman had imagined. A century later the Pennsylvania County region, which had once seemed such an impenetrable barrier became a literal funnel as many poured through on their way toward new settlements still farther west (their descendants now becoming our Society's members). But it was not until the Gold Rush of 1849 - 175 years after Battie and Faillie thought they had walked to the West Coast -- that Virginians in any significant numbers finally made it all the way to California.

*Author's Note: For a thorough analysis of these and other incidents see the book I used as a source for modern map corrections: Dr Allan Vance Briceland's *Westward from Virginia: The Exploration of the Virginia-Carolina Frontier 1650-1710* (University Press of Virginia, 1987). Members may recall that at the time of that book's publication Dr Briceland presented a superb lecture to the Pennsylvania Historical Society.*

Henry H. Mitchell

BIBLICAL HISTORY ACCORDING TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT BLOOPERS

The inhabitants of ancient Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Desert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the desert is that the inhabitants had to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the desert are cultivated by irrigation. The Egyptians built the pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube.

Moses led the Hebrews to the Red Sea where they made unleavened bread which is bread without any ingredients.

David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the harp. He fought the Philistines, a race of people who lived at the Biblical times.

Solomon, one of David's sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines.

Socrates died from an overdose of methanol.

ATTENTION POLITICIANS

Abe Lincoln said: "You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer... and you can't further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred."

Author Relates Experiences After Her Book Is Published

Pittsylvania Historical Society's Helen Melton's (pen name Kenyon McCaus) first novel, *Ride Into Darkness*, has been acclaimed a huge success by readers and critics alike and the sale of the book has exceeded expectations.

I asked Helen to give a report to the PHS on her experiences since the book has been in circulation. Thus she has done with a letter in response to my request and I am printing it here as follows.

Editor of The Packet

Dear Mr. Preston Morris:

Three months have elapsed since my novel *Ride Into Darkness* came off the press - a long enough time to assess the experience and report back to Pittsylvania Historical Society's members.

First, let me thank the society for allowing me to showcase the book through The Pittsylvania Packet and read from it at the November meeting. A goodly number of members purchased *Ride Into Darkness* at that meeting as well as by mail, and I am most grateful for this support.

In addition to the society's program, I have done readings and signings for The Chatham Book Club, The Pittsylvania County Library (through the auspices of Friends of the Library) and for Chapter BC, P.E.O., in Lynchburg. The Franklin County Historical Society invited Herman and me to have supper with their group on January 27 after which we talked with them about his books and mine.

This fall's experience has been an unforgettable one in every respect. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine the outpouring of love and support that would come from friends and neighbors. Not only did they buy the book but hardly a day passed without a call from someone in the area telling me they enjoyed the story. And there have been calls from as far away as California and Florida; Washington State and upstate New York with positive, constructive feed-back.

Unfortunately, I must admit to tonic errors in research. In the period addressed, tobacco wasn't pulled but, rather, the entire stalk cut and hung on a stick to dry (This information did not appear in any research I did on tobacco but has been passed on to me.) And, of course, there is no shot for small pox. The upper arm is scratched and a small drop of serum laid on. (I did know that!) Mea culpa! Also there is a mistake involving a first name. These errors have been pointed out to me by readers and show the care with which they read. Knowing about them is important to me since they will be corrected should the book have a second printing.

We have tracked sales and found that, to date, *Ride Into Darkness* sold half its initial publication to people living in 29 states, the District of Columbia, Bermuda and Germany. We are now investigating whether the rights can be sold to a larger publishing house with the intent of a second printing.

Feedback from readers has included requests for a sequel "so we can find out what happened to Patrick, Jacob and Lucy", urgings to write a play based on the story that might be adapted for TV and requests for copies of *The Last Man Hanged*, the 3 act play I have in competition at Little Kinn Theater and, as yet, unpublished.

Some ideas of what I'll do next are forming; however, marketing the book has

taken full time these past few months, an educational and fascinating side of the writing process. Visiting with old friends and making new acquaintances has left me energized not worn out. Perhaps all this is sweeter coming at this time in my life, adding new ideas and relationships to what I'd already considered to be a very challenging three score and 10 years.

The frosting on the cake occurred Christmas Day when Ken Flora, Book Editor of the Danville Register and Bee gave Ride Into Darkness a glowing review. Mr Flora captured the intent of what I'd attempted to portray with amazing insight, and I shall be in his debt forever.

Thank you, too, Mr Moses, for your kindness in launching my writing. It has been particularly gratifying to find, once again, the abiding interest there is in Pennsylvania's past. It is my hope that Ride Into Darkness has helped to promote and continue this concern.

Fondly,
Kenyon McCann
(Helen D. Molton)

Note For members who wish to order Ride Into Darkness, please contact me at Canada House Chatham, Virginia 24531 (1-804-432-2172, Price per copy is \$10.95, \$1.25 shipping and handling for a total of \$12.20 plus 50 cents tax for Virginia residents only.

I will continue to donate \$1 per copy to PHS for any member who mentors the society when ordering.

PRISONER OF WAR RECORDS

Information about any POW in any war including the Civil War may be obtained by sending a SASE to Andersonville National Historic Site, Route 1, Box 85, Andersonville, GA 31711. Include the name of the ancestor and any military information - Unit, Place, anything that would help identify the soldier. You will be billed for copy cost.

- - From Williamson Co. (TX) Gen. Society

OCCUPATIONS OF PERSONS OF COLONIAL PERIOD

If you were doing research of an ancestor and found his occupation in the colonial period was on Boniface, it would mean he was an innkeeper.

Here are a list of some other little known occupations of persons of the colonial period:

A collporteur was a peddler of books, a stuffgownman was a junior barrister, a petitfogger was a shyster lawyer, a duffer was a peddler, a snobcat repaired shoes, a websuer operated looms.

A Vulcan was a blacksmith, a upstaff was a policeman, a bluestocking was a female writer, a raitlewatch was a town watchman, a crowner was a coroner, a lide wailer was a customs inspector, and a scrumineer was an election judge.

IS IT ADVERTISING OR NEWS?

If they want it put in the newspaper...it's advertising!

If they want to keep it out of the newspaper...it's news!

Laughter is a great tranquilizer with no side effects.

Friends are made by many acts but lost by one.

Preparing for annual church stew

(The following excerpt is taken from the History of Concord Methodist Church, published 1966.)

The ladies of the Concord WSCS met at the home of Ann and Ed Alderson. After they had gleefully yapped about all the "choice bits" of neighborhood news for an hour and half Dons Johnson, WSCS President, announced it was time to make plans for the annual stew.

She advised that the stew must be bigger and better than ever before because advance orders had already reached 500 quarts, and the number would likely be doubled this year.

WSCS President Johnson pointed out: "Ladies, to begin with, it will require much food and lots of hard work to serve 1,000 quarts. We must now determine who is going to contribute the garden vegetables, and who will give the home-killed beef."

The president appointed committees to work together to provide the ingredients. It was unanimously agreed that the same recipe that had been used for the past 17 years be used for the stew this year.

President Johnson proceeded to assign duties for the various committees as follows:

"Anne Alderson, Juanita Demou and Betsy Easley will be in charge of getting the corn. We should have eight or ten guanna bags filled with ears of corn. The husbands always have a good sweet corn patch and should be in abundance by the date of the stew.

"Ericie Easley, Lizzie Giles and Scotty Gues will be in charge of getting tomatoes, onions and a few green peppers - about three gallons will be plenty. But we should have seven baskets of tomatoes. Harry promised us some of his big "peccy-whoppers." The basket of onions should be plenty. Also see if Roxie will let us have some of her homemade butter, one cake for each pot of stew will be fine.

"Lorene Shelton, Clara Harris and Trudy Owen may get the butterbeans. Harry Harris and Bud Johnson always have plenty. We will need at least 10 or 12 baskets (in hull).

"Ruby Harris, Clara Shelton and Frances Tanksley will see to getting the potatoes. Red Giles should be able to supply three or four baskets of Iris potatoes. Oh, by the way, Clara Shelton and Ruby, be sure to have available salt and pepper and enough sugar to sweeten the tomatoes so they will not be so acidy.

"Mary Easley and Myrtle Murphy will help me with the beef and chickens. We will contact anyone who will have home-killed beef and get all they will contribute. If we don't get enough, we will have to buy some. Myrtle, you see Joe Mitchell and Kent Evans and ask if they will save us some beef skin bones for the stew.

"Mary send Lanier Easley to the poultry farm near Gretna to get us about 20 hens. Tell him not to bring back any scrawny chickens as he did last year.

"Last, but not least, we should have at least five or six squirrels for each pot of stew. We must get our nimrods (husbands) out to shoot the squirrels.

"Mrs. Hazzie Pigg and Ann Perkins will be in charge of getting crackers to

serve with the stew for those who eat on the premises, and cardboard containers for those who take the stew home. We will also need a supply of soup spoons, paper napkins and paper table covers.

"If each of you get busy when your gardens come in and have the ingredients you are responsible for ready for the pot, then our stew for 1966 will be a success. I'm sure we can count on my husband Bud Johnson, Henry Owen and Ed Anderson to help with the cooking."

WSCS President Doris Johnson concluded the meeting by exclaiming, "Ladies, unless I hear a motion to the contrary, our meeting is adjourned."

(Editor's Note: The 1966 stew was a huge success as it always had been. The proceeds from the stews have helped purchase carpets for the church, picnic tables, church restrooms, tables and chairs in the fellowship hall, utensils for church kitchen, etc.)

MOST AMERICANS OF GERMAN ANCESTRY

The Census Bureau states one in four Americans is of German ancestry. They make up the nation's largest ethnic group. The Irish are next, with one in six, English next, with one in eight; Afro-American with one in 10 and Italian one in 17. More than 12 million people consider themselves to be just plain Americans. That's one American in 20.

California has the largest population of many of the northern and western European groups - German, Irish, English, French and Dutch. New York ranks first in eastern and southern European groups - Italian, Polish and Russian.

The only money the government has is what it collects from taxpayers.

HOW TO DETERMINE A COUSIN

What ancestor do you and your cousin have in common?

If it was a grandparent, you are first cousins.

If it was a great-grandparent, you are second cousins.

If it was a great-great grandparent, you are third cousins.

If it was a great-great-great-grandparent, you are fourth cousins.

Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

Kindness is the only language that the blind can see and the deaf can hear.

One good thing you can give and still keep is your word.

It takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow.

BIRD WATCHERS EPIGRAPH

And now he's gone from earth below,

He now will reap what he did sow

His epitaph says in four short

Words, "He fed the birds!"

-- Contributed by James W. Fancette, Hillsborough, NC

February 1995 Queries

(Free to members to aid others with similar interests.)

Seeking information on Thomas PLETCHER or his family who resided in Pittsylvania County, VA prior to the Revolutionary War. Thomas enlisted in the war from Pittsylvania Co. and later resided in Scott County, VA where he applied for and obtained a pension. Write to: Mandesse K. O'FLAHERTY, 1388 Byrd Court, Rockledge, FL 32955.

Researching VAUGHAN family of Pittsylvania Co., VA. (1782-1785) and Halifax Co., VA including Hendley VAUGHAN (1740-1758), along with John, Thomas, William Alexander, William Jr. 1790 Census in Union Co., SC and 1795 in Franklin Co., GA. Headed after 1778 witnessed deeds in Halifax Co., VA. Write to William R. WILLS Jr., MD, P O Box 32, 101 Bowen Mill Road, Douglas, GA 31533.

Does anyone have access to the Leatherwood Chapel papers, records of YEATTS family in them. I'm looking for SHELTON records since they were neighbors. Write John N SHELTON, 1019 Crawford, Fort Scott, KS 66701.

Appreciate any information on Henry SANDERS (SAUNDERS) Sr of VA who was on the tax list of Worsford Co., KY in 1790, Scott Co. in 1794 and Green Co. (now Taylor Co., KY) in 1795. Seek information on his birth parents, wife and children. I will exchange information. Mrs. Janice SANDERS, 1135 Durham Court, Indianapolis, IN 46241.

I would like any information on Philip V. DOSS and his wife Elizabeth (Betsy) Bailes DOSS and their descendants. Philip V. DOSS was born in the "village" of Chatham in 1820. Who were his parents and where are he and his wife buried? He was listed as still living in Chatham in the 1870 census. Any information would be appreciated. Write to Shelby P. SHEHEE, 11251 Genito Road, Amelia, VA 23002.

Seeking information on Sarah (Sally) McCubbins HODGES, daughter of Zachariah and Sarah Lane MCCUBBENS who were married in Pittsylvania Co., VA 6 Dec. 1772. They apparently moved to Washington County, TN where all their children were born and later to Claiborne Co., TN where they lived until 1834-1850 time period. Sally married John Hodges there and had four girls and three boys. Elizabeth Hodges Todd COOPER, her daughter, is my great-great-grandmother. Write to Jencella Howick ZAPPA, 608 4th Street N., Hudson, WI 54016.

I am looking for information on my ancestors, Henry PELL, b. 1765, in Virginia somewhere; married 1st Sarah WILLIAMS, abt. 1792 and had 10 children in Virginia; married 2nd Elizabeth JENNINGS, 1810 in Pittsylvania Co. and had 12 children by her, moved to Stokes Co., NC about 1822 and died 1860 in Stokes Co., NC leaving a will. We think Henry PELL's father was Richard PELL who was transported to Virginia on the ship, Forward, in 1737 from Surry England for the crime of killing a little pig. Tax records show a Henry PELL and a Richard PELL in Fairfax County, VA in 1787.

I am also looking for the parents of Sarah WILLIAMS. We think her father was William WILLIAMS of Pittsylvania Co. We found a court record in Pittsylvania County in 1806 where Henry PELL and Sara, his wife, joined two other couples in a lawsuit against Elijah WILLIAMS concerning payment for 43 acres of land. The property was auctioned off and

(QUERIES -- CONTINUED)

the sale deed said it was the land in which William WILLIAMS formerly lived. We believe the Williams children, including Sarah, Henry PELL's wife, involved in the lawsuit were children of William WILLIAMS. Write to L. Richard CRIGG, 1325 Hooper Ave., Apt. 51, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83404.

Searching for parents of Thomas S. BROWN, b. c 1813 Pittsylvania County. He is found in Brown Co. TN in the 1830s. No indication of his parents in either location. He became a Methodist preacher, a blacksmith, a justice of the peace, a judge and a Civil War veteran from Douglas Co., MO where he migrated in 1846. Write Sally TAYLOR, 4922 S. Palmer, Springfield, MO 65804, (417) 882-0150.

Researching Jeremiah Thomas POE (1832-1917). Born in Pittsylvania County and married to Celia ANDERS. Father was Thomas POE (no information available) and mother was Elizabeth (?). I will exchange data. Max D SMITH, 905 West Sixth Street, Waco, TX 76596.

Searching for parents and siblings of Fountain WILLIAMS. b. 1783/86 in Virginia, married Nancy HAMRICK, daughter of David Lettice Wyatt HAMRICK in Pittsylvania Co., VA in 1812. Moved to Campbell Co., VA 1820, then to Clinton Co., Ohio by 1830. Write to Arlene WILSON, 2500 Wisconsin St. SW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52404.

QUERIES FOR THE PACKET FROM ENGLAND

I will appreciate it if you will place the following queries in The Packet. Linda VAN BUREN, 43 Eardley Crescent, London SW5 9JT, United Kingdom.

Who were the parents of Revolutionary War Soldier James SOYARS of Pittsylvania County, VA? He was born in about 1766, died 20 October 1838 and married in December 1792 in Pittsylvania County, VA Jane OAKES, daughter of Isaac OAKES of Halifax County, VA. Among their 17 children were 12 named in their family Bible, and I'd love to hear from anyone who can supply the names of the other five. My line is through their son Pleasant SOYARS and his son John C SOYARS. Would be delighted to exchange information.

Would like to hear from any descendants of the Thomas GIBSON who witnessed a deposition by James SOYARS on 27 September 1823 in Pittsylvania County, VA. Was he related to the Thomas GIBSON who was born in about 1797 in Rockingham County, NC, married 28 December 1819 in Caswell County, NC Margaret BOSWELL, and was the father of Iverson GIBSON?

My ancestors were William and Chloe COLEMAN of Pittsylvania County, VA, parents of Mary (Polly) COLEMAN, who was born in about 1798 and married Pleasant SOYARS. Who were William COLEMAN's parents and what was Chloe's maiden name? Was she born a McDANIEL?

Some of the descendants of Aaron SAUNDERS, who was born in about 1772 in VA and died in 1854 in Caswell County, NC, lived in Pittsylvania County, VA in the 1920s and 1930s; one of them was a Charles SAUNDERS who may have been a Justice of the Peace. Does anyone recognize him or any of the other descendants of Aaron and his wife Susannah or of their son Ransom SAUNDERS? Was Susannah born a RANSOM?

Searching for the parents of Delilah BEAVERS who was born in about 1810 and married Ransom SAUNDERS on 8 March 1832 in Caswell County, NC. Is she part of the same family as Edwin R. BEAVERS of Pittsylvania County, VA? Write to Linda VAN BUREN, 43 Eardley Crescent, London SW5 9JT, United Kingdom.

(QUERIES -- CONTINUED)

Seek information on family of William Alexander PARKER of Pigg River District in Pittsylvania Co., VA. Born 1735, d.c. 1805. His wife was Henryetta. His son Benjamin 1759-1836, married Sarah ASBERRY, George 1769-1859, married Frances OAKS, David 1780-1824, married Frances ARTHUR. It is known that the cemetery on the land was used in 1916 by Mary A. PARKER. I would like to find the location. Write to Ted PARKER, 24405 So. Grabe Rd. Peculiar, Missouri 64078.

I would appreciate knowing the parents of Orlie (Oriff) CRAWFORD or Nancy SHORT married in Pittsylvania County 22 July, 1819. May have CORBIN, BUSH, HUFFMAN relations. Reply to Robert E. KING, 503 Beachland Blvd., Suite 1-262, Vero Beach, FL 32963.

Susan RIGNEY, daughter of Owen and Sallie RIGNEY, married my grandfather, Nathan C. JEFFERSON on 18 January, 1866, in the home of her parents in Pittsylvania County, VA. I am seeking the names of Owen and Sallie RIGNEY's parents and grandparents. Please write to Perry E. FOUST, 3112 Pierce Avenue, El Paso, TX 79930.

Were the following people brothers? Thomas DOSS m. Elizabeth WRIGHT 24 Nov. 1734 in Goochland Co.; Zachariah DOSS m. Elizabeth; Azariah DOSS may have married a TAYLOR; and Jeremiah DOSS m. Ursula TAYLOR 6 May, 1756 in Goochland Co. If they were brothers, who were their parents? Mrs. Barbara MCKINLAY, 2740 La Cuesta Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

Seeking details on the death of James E. ADAMS, son of Joel T. ADAMS (a Baptist Minister) husband of Sarah F. JARRELL, and father of two daughters. His estate was recorded in 1860 but I have found no details about his death which is the subject of an undocumented family legend that should have been recorded somewhere. Any information appreciated (my main interest is in the Samuel B. MATTOX family of northern Pittsylvania County, VA and I have gathered some information through the clerk's office). Write to Charles D. MATTOX, P.O. Box 154, Lynch Station VA 24571.

Seek information on John T. DAVIS who married Winifred CARTER. Marriage license dated 1 October 1825 filed in Pittsylvania Co. I think this is my John T. and Winifred DAVIS that went to TN. I am willing to share information. Please write Margaret DAVIS, P.O. Box 61134, N. Charleston, SC 29419-1134.

Researching the AMOS family who resided in Chatham from 1850 until 1855 when they moved to Reidsville, NC. Jesse Ellis AMOS married Mariab HOWARD of Louisa Co., in 1850, had three children, Robert Francis, my grandfather, Jesse Thomas and Isabella, all born in Pittsylvania Co. Jesse operated a blacksmith and wagon shop on land he owned along the Danville Lynchburg Road. Jesse died from disease February 1, 1865 near Petersburg, VA while serving in the 13th NC Regiment. Relatives please write Robert A. AMOS, 1116 Sleepy Dell Court, Towson, Maryland 21286.

I am trying to find out who are the parents and siblings of George WALLER, b. Feb. 1840. He is my third great-grandfather. I have information on his marriage and his children, and I have information on WALLER family back to England 1183. Some WALLERS settled in Spotsylvania Co., VA. I have looked there for him. I know this is the same family of WALLERS as Judge Benjamin of Williamsburg, but I just can't tie David into these others without this information. Please write to me: Elizabeth Waller KURTZ, 19112 Spring Road, Jeffersonton, VA 22724.

MEMBERS WRITE LETTERS

I recently became a member of the PHS. I am impressed by the contents of The Packet, and find the articles and information enjoyable, interesting and noteworthy. Maudine K. O'Flaherty, 1388 Byrd Court, Rockledge, FL 32955.

Let me say The Pittsylvania Packet is the most charming and most informative newsletter I've seen from a historical society. I look forward to every issue. Thomas Boaz, 315 Margo Lane, Berwin, PA 19312.

My check is enclosed for membership in the Pittsylvania Historical Society. My special interest is the area of Civil War history and genealogy of the Waller family. I am especially interested to know who was the father of Richard Waller of Halifax County in the 1787 census, John Waller Jr. or Zachariah Waller of Pittsylvania Co. Douglas Waller Powell, P.O. Box 536, 1074 Lakeshore Drive, Halifax Va. 24558.

Recently I saw the Pittsylvania Historical Society name listed in the Virginia Genealogical Society, therefore I wish to join your society and am enclosing a check.

I was born on a tobacco farm a few miles from Chatham. My father sold the farm, and the family moved to Danville and then to Washington, D.C. I consider myself a Virginian...after all, I am 10th generation born of Virginia. Perry E. Foust, 3112 Pierce Avenue, El Paso, TX 79930.

I am really enjoying being a member of the PHS. James H. Van Denburg, 305 Swan Hill Dr., Big Fork, MT 59911. (Note: My relatives from Pittsylvania County who served in the CSA were Hedges, Yeats, Motley and Bennett.)

I missed getting the Fall issue of The Packet. It is possible it was lost in the mail. Please check on it. As you can see I really miss my copy of The Packet when slightly late. You do great work as do those who assist you with The Packet. Archie Caldwell, 1547 Stewart Creek Rd., Murfreesboro, TN 37129.

I am enclosing check for the renewal of membership to the PHS. I really enjoy The Packet. Mrs. Teddy Lindsay, P.O. Box 2961, Dexter, NM 88230.

It's great finding Bays/Bayes family connections after all these years - we've even found connections in our non Bayes lines. We owe so much to The Packet for its help. I do want to correct an error I made earlier in kinship. Bob Bayes is my second cousin, not my third. I spent the weekend with him and his wonderful wife, Ruth, who has thrown herself metaphorically into the Bayes research. Also I have developed a great relationship with Sue Kotwitz, another Bayes researcher. Keep up the good work with The Packet. Barbara Kynette, 1142 Judson, Evanston, IL 60202.

I am now a member of the PHS. I have gleaned from The Packet the address of a member, Richard Ferrell Jr., who shares an ancestor with me - Darrel

Coleman. I look forward to receiving future issues of The Packet. Linda Van Buren, 43 Eardley Crescent, London SW5 9JT, United Kingdom.

I would never want my membership in the PHS to expire because this group has been so very helpful in my genealogical search. Incidentally, does anyone know where the Nowlins are buried in Pittsylvania County, VA? Eileen R. Vela, 1007 Big Rock Loop, Los Alamos, NM 87544-2806.

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Money isn't everything, but it does keep you in close contact with your children.

"No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free, No one ever will."

--Thomas Jefferson

The greatest mystery may be how a fool and his money get together in the first place.

THE FAMILY TREE

By Willis Corbitt of Portland, OR

I think that I shall never see the finish of a Family Tree
 As it forever seems to grow from roots that started very low,
 Way back in ancient history times, in foreign lands and distant climes.
 One seldom knows exactly when the parents met and married then.
 Nor when the twigs began to grow with odd-named children, row on row.
 Though a verse like this is made by me and the end's in sight as you can see:
 'Tis not the same with Family Trees that grow and grow through centuries.

-- From Hood Co. Gen. Soc., Granbury, TX 76048

DON'T LET YOUR MEMBERSHIP EXPIRE!

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THE PACKET is the quarterly publication of the Pittsylvania Historical Society for members and those who are interested in the history of their families and the area in which they lived.

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To order, write SUSAN MORLEY, P.O. Box 223, Chatham, VA 24531

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